



Kiddnapped.



👁 279 ✓ 26 ★ 26

Chapter 1 by KJ

A sharp, throbbing pain shoots through my head. Opening my eyes, all I see is black. It was all dark and my head was killing me. When I try to stand, ropes pull me back down. I look down and I can make out the outline of ropes around my ankles and wrists. I am tied to a chair!

The last thing I remember is feeling a sharp pain in my neck. That's when all the memories start flooding back. I was walking home with my 12 year old brother, Jackson, after his basketball game. We had just won and my parents couldn't come because they had work. It was getting late out by the time we left. We were walking home, talking about my upcoming birthday. I was turning 18 in a few days, I think, I don't know how long I was passed out. Then a large black SUV pulled up asking for directions, then they grabbed me and my brother.

Chapter 2 by dtfe



Someone walked in, light seeping through the door.

As a man came in the room, I had a more detailed look around the room. The room had a dark mist in it. The smell it smells rotten, as if someone left a rotting corpse in this room. I looked around me. I felt something between my legs. It was a chain, going around my feet, keeping me in this chair.

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hook. I stared at it. I was shocked. I turned my head, and threw up. What.. why? Who were these people?!

I looked around me, and saw a tripod with a camra ontop of it. There was a laptop on the side, playing a video.

It showed a man with a mask, performing tortures on... my brother.

In the video, I could see that he cutted off each of my brothers fingers and toes, He stopped the bleeding, so he could torture my brother even more. Thats when I realized. I was in a red room...

A deep web live torture room. People visited this website, and told the host how to torture his victims. I had to get out. Now.

The man who came in through the door, was holding something in his hands... something sharp...

Chapter 3 by Christiaan Craft



The man pulled out a knife and grabbed a chair and sat near me and slowly stared removing my shirt. I tried to resist him then he took a knife and slashed at my face.

"AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!" I screamed i felt the pain of his serated and heated blade. I have the feeling as if the scar started from my forehead until my right cheek. Now I am bleeding everywhere

Chapter 4 by punk_skunk



The man ignores my cries, he pulls my hair and head back and bares my neck. I'm sobbing, crying hopeless tears of pain and misery. The blade skims my neck, not a large scrape but enough to make me scream louder. He lets go of my hair and takes off my shirt, the tip of the blade graces my stomach making thin slits in a form of a design. Something I couldn't make out. I hear the clang of the knife on the ground. He drags my chair over to a hotplate and grabs my hands. He places my hands on the burning surface. I scream. He ties my hands to the plates, while pulling out a pocket knife and stabbing deep cuts. I scream again and plead for mercy, and for a moment, I think he leaves. But no such luck, he unties my extremely burned hands and stops stabbing me. He throws me to the ground. leaving me to bleed to death.

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Chapter 5 by MagicWitch



I see the man leaving the
granted I can see the whi

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moments of light I am
my body. The blood begins

to clot my hair as I lay helplessly on the floor. Right before I am once again cut off from light I can make out the wound on my stomach. Cut into my skin is the number 48.

Chapter 6 by KJ



I close my eyes and hope that it is all a dream, but no. When I open them again I am still there, dieing.

The door opens again and I wait for the man to come over and get me, to hurt me again. Instead, someone else walks over. The door is still open so the light is still flooding through.

Standing in front of me is a man. A very handsome man. He has dark brown hair and it was to dark to tell his eye colour.

He leans down and picks me up bridal style.

"It's alright. My name is Blake and I am here to get you out." I nod, tears in my eyes. I see muscles all up his arms and in his stomach. He helps me put on a new shirt and he carries me out. But that's when I hear something I never wanted to hear again, that man's evil, bone splitting, laugh.

Chapter 7 by KJ



I shutter as the man laughs. I see Blake turn and fun shots rain out. I cover my head with my hands. Bodies fall to the ground with loud thumps and I start to shake.

Blake runs to another door and sunlight shines over the room. I am handed off to another man and I am placed on a stretcher. More and more gun shots, more and more thuds. Around me I make out two women, and another man.

They all had on black shirts and dark cargo pants. A black BMW is parked nearby, the trunk open and inside is guns, bows, arrows, ammo, and a lot of first aid needs.

The two women rush over to me and start to clean my wounds, as I scream and cry more from the stinging.

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That's when I see something I wish I could never see again. Something I will never be able to unsee.

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Chapter 8 by Marie



I turned to my left, seeing Blake duck for cover and then pop up again to shoot with a black pistol. When Blake popped up again to get another shot, he immediately fell backwards. When I looked at him on the ground, a huge bullet hole was in the centre of his forehead and his eyes were closed.

I screamed, both in shock and in pain as the two women continued to clean my scars.

Another car turned up. It was an ambulance. Two familiar adults ran out of the ambulance, followed by three unknown people.

"Bella!" the two adults exclaimed. They ran over to me. Those two familiar faces soon disappeared as I fell into a deep sleep. I quickly realised those people were my parents.

It felt like I was asleep forever when I finally woke up in a hospital bed. A nurse was standing next to me. She realised I was awake and quickly ran to the door.

She muttered something to someone outside that followed with my parents slowly coming in.

"I'm alright" I smiled, weakly.

the end

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